

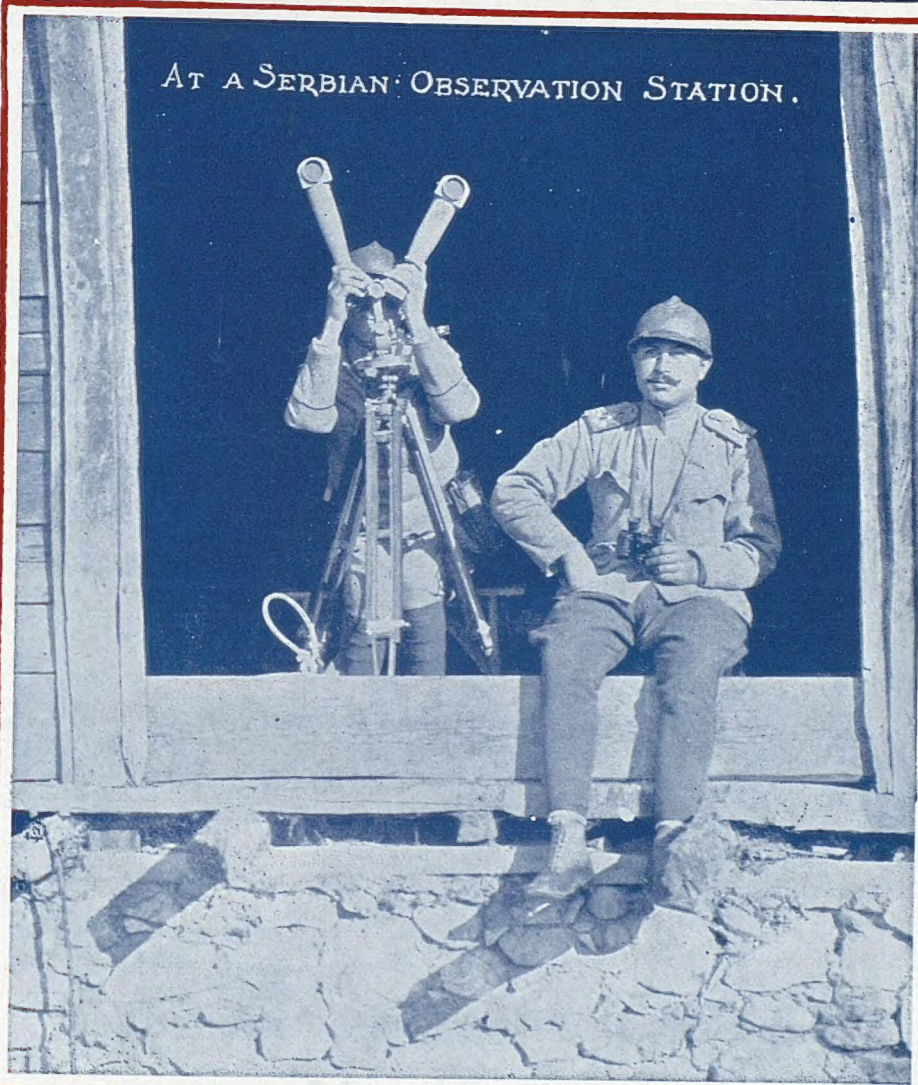
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NOVEMBER 22, 1916.

EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

New Series. — PART 24

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# The Illustrated War News



"THE BIG PUSH": ONE OF OUR BIG GUNS THAT ARE EFFECTIVELY "PUSHING" THE GERMANS.

Official Photograph.



# THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

WHEN the war is done we shall be provided with several various definitions of the simple word "impregnable." There will certainly be the Allied rendering, and there will be the German rendering, and the meanings will not be the same. It need not be said which version is the better. What the Allies mean by the word can be gathered from their application of the term to the lines of the Ypres salient and the citadel of Verdun. In support of their rendering the Germans will explain exactly what they meant when they used "impregnable" in conjunction with Fricourt and Maurepas, Combles and Thiepval, Beaumont-Hamel and the heights above the Ancre.

The word "impregnable" has, indeed, sustained considerable tarnish in the months of the advance, and it has sustained it never so much as during the last week. It has been the German version which has suffered badly. A stubborn and automatic optimist at all times, the German, as he prepares each retrograde line of Somme defences, ever rises from his labour of ditches and entanglements with the blessed and prideful adjective on his lips. He is sure of the work of his hands and brain, and he is sure because he is a good workman and no fool. His folly, indeed, is that he is too sure of his work and his cleverness; he cannot bring himself to be aware that the earth can bring forth hands and brains that can better his, or that there can be a spirit in the world that transcends his super-German spirit. That is, he calls a thing impregnable because, if Germany and Germans were the only considerations in the matter, it

would be impregnable. However, it is not the Germans who are fighting the Central Powers in the West.

I remember, at the beginning of this war, an officer of a neutral, German-trained army spoke to me *ex cathedra* about bayonet-fighting. There would be no bayonet-fighting in this war. Bayonet

charges never got home. If such charges were not shattered before coming to engage, it would be because the defending side had already bolted. When the war made it obvious that the bayonet was coming into considerable play, this officer was puzzled. In the end, he came to feel that these French and British and Russians were not like other men. I bring up this point because the present fighting "astride the Ancre" seems to emphasise—as the different meanings of the word "impregnable"

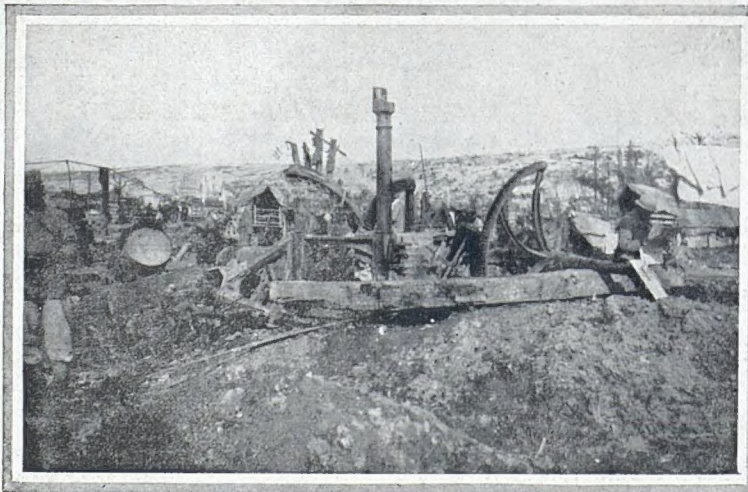
seem to emphasise—both the spirit and the habit of the Allies in this war. The German line north of the Ancre to Gommecourt has, from the beginning, been a very hard bone to pick. The French found it stood most tests when they held this line; the British, in their assault on July 1, found that though they swept easily enough into the first trenches, and even into Serre and Beaumont, the steep, trench-terraced hills were much too powerful at

that moment. At the time of the July attack these sharp hills were, in fact, the strongest barriers we had to encounter. It will be remembered that here, anticipating the British offensive, the enemy had massed considerable forces, and was able to bring his batteries into play in a way he was not able to do on any other portion of the front. Now,



AFTER THE KING HAD PRESENTED THE DECORATION: MRS. WARNER, MOTHER OF THE LATE PRIVATE WARNER, SHOWING HER SON'S V.C. TO NEIGHBOURS AT ST. ALBANS.

Photograph by News Illustrations Company.



ON THE SOMME FRONT: ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE CURLU MILL.

Photograph by Photopress.

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after four months, we have carried the whole of that old front line on a front of about five miles. The minor Verdun of Beaumont-Hamel has been captured, the line has pushed round Serre, the strong and important village of Beaucourt has been placed behind our line, and, south of the Ancre, we have smashed in the knuckle of defence on the river and railway, and, by pressing beyond St. Pierre-Divion, we have worked the enemy out of a highly valuable defensive area.

Hard to break: the German line here was, and at the same time it was valuable. While the enemy held on to these defences our progress was hampered and cramped by this block on our left wing. The hills here and the salient Ancre Valley were narrowing the front of our route to Bapaume. It was probably doing more than that. From the heights of Beaumont, and the strong points of Beaucourt, Grandcourt, Miraumont, and the like

next week, or in the spring, we feel that when our next chance to move largely comes, the hard, patient, and brilliant fighting that has won impregnable positions—and won them with the bayonet, in spite of the considered opinion of our enemies—has given us a series of "stepping-off" positions so good that in future the chances are decidedly in our favour upon this line.

The rest of the fighting on this front has been going tenaciously in the old direction. The Canadians have cleared the Regina trench between Le Sars and the Schwaben Redoubt. Progress has been made east of the Butte of Warlencourt, and pressure is still being applied against the lines of Le Transloy by ourselves and the French fighting about Saillisel, which is in their hands once more, after a short lease to Germany. The French are slowly mastering the St. Pierre Vaast Wood, though not without stubborn resistance and



THE ALLIES ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONT: SOLDIERS REPRESENTING THE NATIONALITIES.  
*Official Photograph.*

under the protection of the heights, the enemy was able to direct a flanking fire upon the main arena of our progress. The new victory should take the sting out of this enemy practice, for, with the Beaumont heights, Beaucourt, and St. Pierre-Divion taken, some of the best of these enfilade points have gone; and the other points—Grandcourt, Miraumont, and the rest—will be in an uncomfortable and dangerous position for the future. There is also this to note—so excellent a gain should give us an added radius in our progress towards and beyond Bapaume. Our line may enter upon a freer movement by this admirable addition of front to the north. We should now stand on a platform giving less cramped and more flexible scope. We know by this time that victories cannot be won in hours, we expect no more than slow movement, we know that success waits much on conditions; but slow or fast, now,

violent counter-efforts on the part of the enemy. The enemy also has manoeuvred a tardy counter-effort against the French gains in the beginning of November, made south of the Somme on the Barleux-Ablaincourt-Chaulnes front. These were of notable concentration, backed by heavy artillery fire, and supported with the fire-jets which the Germans are bringing into play in increasing strength. The fighting was very bitter, but the appreciable German recaptures are hard to see. Even of these, points like Pressoir have been won back.

In the East the Germans are also showing an increased pressure in their attack on the Roumanian entrants. For some time the fighting, narrowed down to the group of passes south of Brasso and Hermannstadt, has undergone considerable fluctuation, the Roumanians sometimes retiring and sometimes pressing in the Vulkan,



Roter Turm, and Bran Passes, while always remaining firm in the important area of the Predeal. Now, it seems, the fighting is undergoing a change. The enemy has made greater concentrations, and appear engaged in a big throw for success. The fighting is not only becoming more bitter, but the movement of the Germans is



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: PART OF THE BELGIAN SQUADRON OF AEROPLANES WHICH HAVE PLAYED THEIR PART IN THE RECENT FIGHTING.

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*

showing signs of acceleration. Below the Roter Turm, where most ground has been made, the enemy front is over twenty miles inside the boundary, and in this particular area—that of the Jiu and the Alt—the average depth of invasion is some fifteen miles. More, at the Predeal the Roumanian defence has weakened somewhat, and where our Ally has held so tenaciously he has been forced to give ground, the enemy being some six or seven miles inside the frontier here. On the rest of the Transylvanian front the defence holds its own fairly easily, and becomes aggressive on occasions; while, high up on the flank of this line, the Austrian attack which showed signs of developing in the Carpathians has passed to negation. The present situation on the Roumanian western front is, however, not generally good. Some of the quickening in progress may be put down to the fact that the invading columns are now working their way on to the descending slopes of the hilly country, and that their fighting is easier. There can be no doubt, though, that heavy reserves have been brought up, and a big cast for success is being made.

The position in the Dobrudja is still ambiguous. It is certain that Mackensen's advance forces have been driven back, and that the Russo-Roumanian force has established a new front between Hirsova and the Black Sea, and are threatening from it.

What happened at the Cernavoda Bridge is entirely vague. Both the Russians and the Germans have crossed the Danube here—according to which side one pins one's faith in reports. What seems to have happened is that the troops of both sides have met in the marshy land that the great viaduct traverses, but the fighting there has yet to germinate in meaning. It does seem likely, though, that the Russians have been doing their fighting on the west bank of the river.

Fighting of some brilliance has been going on in Macedonia, where the Serbians have been carrying a steady way forward in the bend of the Cerna. Backed by French gun-fire, they rushed the particularly powerful hill defences of the Chuke heights, worked their way forward, and won the village of Polog—all this in spite of a furious defence. Following this victory, another village—Iven—was taken, and strong forces of

Bulgarians and Germans were met, roughly handled, and forced to yield up a number of prisoners and much booty. This advance brought the Allied front threateningly across the flank of Monastir—less than four miles distant. Then came the welcome news that French troops had entered Monastir, on November 19—as a result of the Serbian victories. There has been fighting on the Lake Prespa flank of this line, where the enemy



A GERMAN AIRMAN CAPTURED: THE ENEMY OFFICER BEING TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL TO HAVE HIS WOUND REDRESSED.

*French Official Photograph.*

has been tested heavily, though great movement has not been made, and most of the Allied contingents have been engaged. On their portion of the line the British have been getting forward, and, among other things, have stormed the village of Karaska, to the east of Lake Tahinos.

LONDON: NOV. 20, 1916.



#### A PLEASANT

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## Honouring the Defenders of Verdun.



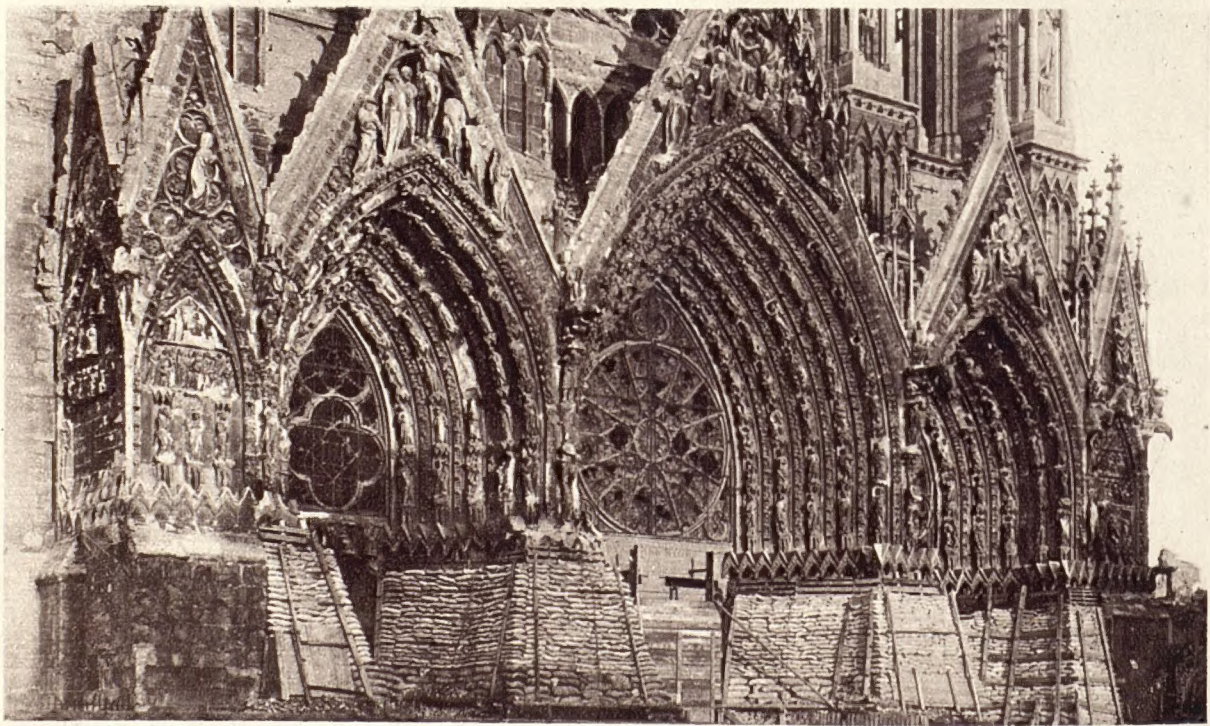
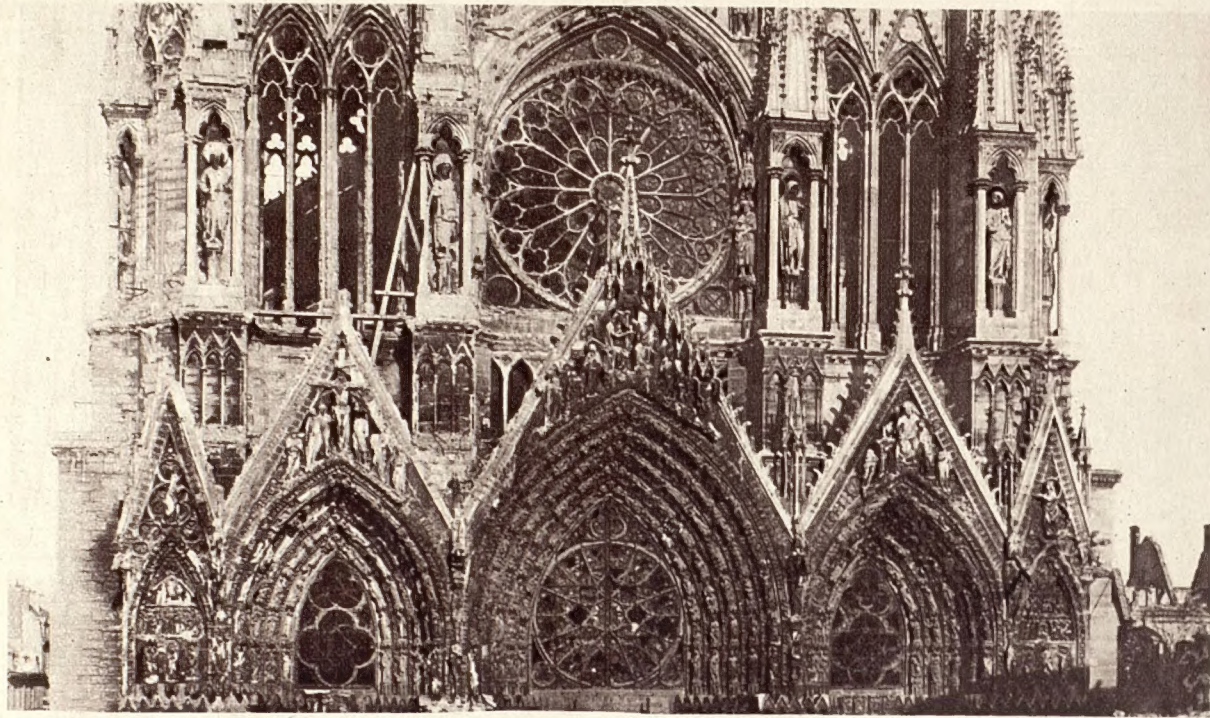
### A PLEASANT DUTY FOR PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: DECORATING FRENCH OFFICERS AND MEN.

Recently, in the presence of a large assembly, Prince Arthur of Connaught carried out, at the Invalides, on behalf of King George, the pleasant duty of investing a number of gallant French officers and their men with British decorations, in recognition of the heroism which they displayed in the saving of Verdun. Our photograph shows Prince Arthur, assisted by General Nivelle, the

Commander of the Forces holding the Verdun lines, and General Mangin, who commanded the Infantry, pinning the medals on the breasts of the recipients. The keenest gratification was expressed at this notable mark of honour and appreciation on the part of King George of the splendid tenacity and courage of the soldiers of France and their Commanders.—[French Official Photograph.]



## Germany's Revenge for Verdun Visited on Rheims.



### MENACED WITH COMPLETE COLLAPSE BY INSIDIOUS GERMAN SHELLING: RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Since the great French victory at Verdun, the Germans have, as if in revengeful spite, renewed their shelling of Rheims Cathedral. Their present method is to send a few shells into it now and then and so proceed with its destruction gradually and insidiously, in a way that may appear almost an inevitable accident of war. Four of the flying buttresses have been already demolished, and it is

pointed out that, if this process continues, the walls will not bear the weight of the roof, and the whole structure must collapse. The windows, statuary, and carvings of the glorious western façade suffered much from the fire that consumed the scaffolding. The French cannot even send up masons to effect repairs lest they should be taken for military observers.—[French Official Photographs.]

## Victory



### IN CHESTER

On Sunday, November 19, 1916, the cruiser engaged the German submarine which "First Class" the Victoria Cross, will be preserved. the ceremony as th



# Victory—and a Boy-Hero: The flag of H.M.S. "Chester."



## IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE FLAG OF THE SHIP ON WHICH JACK CORNWELL LOST HIS LIFE.

On Sunday, November 12, the battle-torn ensign of H.M.S. "Chester," the cruiser engaged in the memorable battle of Jutland Bay in which "First Class Boy" Jack Cornwell lost his life and won the Victoria Cross, was dedicated in Chester Cathedral, where it will be preserved. Mrs. Cornwell was invited to be present at the ceremony as the guest of the Mayor, but was not well enough

to make the journey. The flag is the first naval trophy to be hung in the Cathedral, but several historic colours of the county regiment are already there. The incident by which the brave boy who was mortally wounded in the Jutland Battle won the Victoria Cross, will live, and his name will always be associated with the story of the "Chester" and the famous battle.—[Photo. by C.N.]



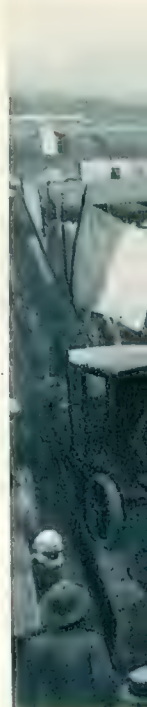
## Morocco Peaceful under the french Protectorate.



### THE SULTAN'S PILGRIMAGE: ARAB NOTABLES AWAITING THE FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL.

The Sultan of Morocco, Moulay Youssef, recently, at the time of the great Moslem religious festival of Id-el-Kebir, while on his customary State journey to the Moroccan holy city of Fez for the festival, turned aside to make his pilgrimage to the tomb of Moulay Idriss, Founder of the Dynasty. Court officials and local dignitaries and kaida accompanied the Sultan. The upper illustration

shows these on horseback entering the town of Moulay Idriss (which takes its name from the tomb) in formal procession. The lower illustration shows the crowd of local Arabs, sheikhs, and others on the outskirts of Moulay Idriss, waiting to greet General Lyautey, the French Resident-General in Morocco, on his arrival to meet the Sultan.—[French Official Photographs.]



### TWO MET

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## france's War on Enemy Trade in Morocco.



### TWO METHODS: AT THE SUCCESSFUL "FAIR OF SAMPLES"—A LIGHT MOTOR LINE FOR MAILS.

The French in their overseas possessions are waging commercial war on enemy trade, in order to curb the pushful activities threatened by Germany after European hostilities cease. In Morocco a highly successful "Fair of Samples" was held at the capital, to display before the natives, who crowded to the Fair, manufactures of France and the Allies, to the exclusion of German

products. General Lyautey, the Resident-General, opened the Fair, and the leading Moroccan notables attended. The opening display forms the upper illustration. In the lower is seen a light motor railway for postal service beyond the main railway, at its starting point. It is one way in which the French keep people in the interior of Morocco in touch with events.

GENERAL.

Moulay Idris  
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on his arrival



## THE BEGINNINGS OF WAR-MACHINES: TRANSPORT VEHICLES.

A GLANCE only at a few of the earlier methods of transport is possible within our limits, and we must confine ourselves to forms before the introduction of steam-power revolutionised the system. Military transport is the organisation by the agency of which all supplies required by an army are carried with it, or to it, as may be, the men themselves being also carried by it when long distances have to be covered or an intervening space of water crossed.

In the earliest times, it would appear, transport work in peace and war was performed by human carriers, generally by the women, who at that stage of the world's history were practically slaves to the stronger sex.

The use of pack-animals followed the human carrier. We read of the ass as an early beast of burden used by the ancient Egyptians. A platform laid across the backs of two of these animals served to carry travellers, and no doubt the Pharaohs used the method for army work. Horses, mules, elephants, and camels have all served as military transport animals from very early times, and are, of course, still largely used for that purpose. The constitution of the mule in particular, it may be noted, renders it capable of doing very hard work in situations where food is inferior and scarce. It is probable that the first cart used by primitive man consisted of a plank of wood dragged along the ground, but the heavy draught entailed must very soon have resulted in the invention of the wheel. Transport vehicles of almost every description, with the exception of the sledge—which can only be used on snow or ice—depend on wheels to this day for support and means of locomotion, and, in the case of self-propelled vehicles, for power-transmission also. The type of wheel known to the Aryans, the ancestors of the Greeks, appears to have been a very crude affair, consisting of a solid disc. Spokes and felloes were unheard of until much later. A very early reference to carts or chariots is that of Sharrukin, King of Agade in Mesopotamia, who mentions such vehicles in his account of his incursion into the lands on the borders of the "Sea of the Setting Sun" (the Mediterranean) about 3800 B.C. The Assyrian chariots of about 650 B.C. were two-wheeled vehicles of apparently a similar kind. The four-wheeled cart, or wagon proper, seems to have

originated in Persia soon after 500 B.C., in the reign of King Xerxes, whose father, Darius, had constructed the smooth high-roads which made its use possible.

Transport work by sea and land was greatly advanced by the Greeks, who were expert sailors. They early appreciated the value of the horse as a means of transport, and, in fact, used horses to draw chariots at the siege of Troy. To come

nearer modern times, in the earliest days of gunpowder, cannon for siege purposes were not mounted on wheels, but were carried wherever they were required on carts.

Our illustrations show various old transport vehicles, Figs. 3 to 10 being a few specimens taken from the fine collection of models in the Rotunda Museum at Woolwich. One form of gun-carriage, called a "Devil's cart" (Fig. 11), shows a heavy gun slung underneath a beam extending between the axles of the front and rear wheels. A very similar contrivance is in ordinary civil use to-day for conveying trunks of trees from place to place.

As to sea-transport, we hear of trading ships about 1200 B.C. They would be available, of course, to carry small parties of soldiers on occasion. In such vessels the captain and crew lived and slept in the open and in company. No cabin was provided, nor shelter of any kind. As the

compass was still unknown, the stars by night and the sun by day served to guide the steersman on his course—or he managed by groping along-shore from headland to headland.

The Romans apparently first made use of sea transport on a large scale in their campaign against Carthage in 140 B.C. Boats propelled by oars for transport of armed men were employed in Egypt as far back as 2500 B.C.

In land warfare, the Roman soldiers themselves carried their baggage on their person, as well as their military equipment. Heavy

baggage, such as tents, poles, etc., were transported on mules or carts (Fig. 1). The "Marian mule" (Fig. 12) was a long stick with forked ends, forming a "V"-shaped aperture, with struts across on which the soldier secured his lighter baggage. The contrivance was carried on the shoulder when on the march. The device was invented by the famous commander Marius, to enable his soldiers to carry their loads with the least inconvenience.

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 12.—HOW THE ROMAN SOLDIER CARRIED HIS PACK IN THE FIELD: THE "MARIAN MULE."

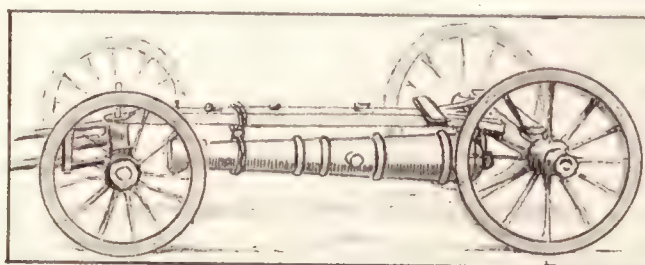
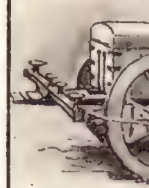


FIG. 11.—A BRITISH ARMY "DEVIL CART" OF 1831: CARRYING A HEAVY CANNON FOR MOUNTING ON FORTIFIED WORKS.



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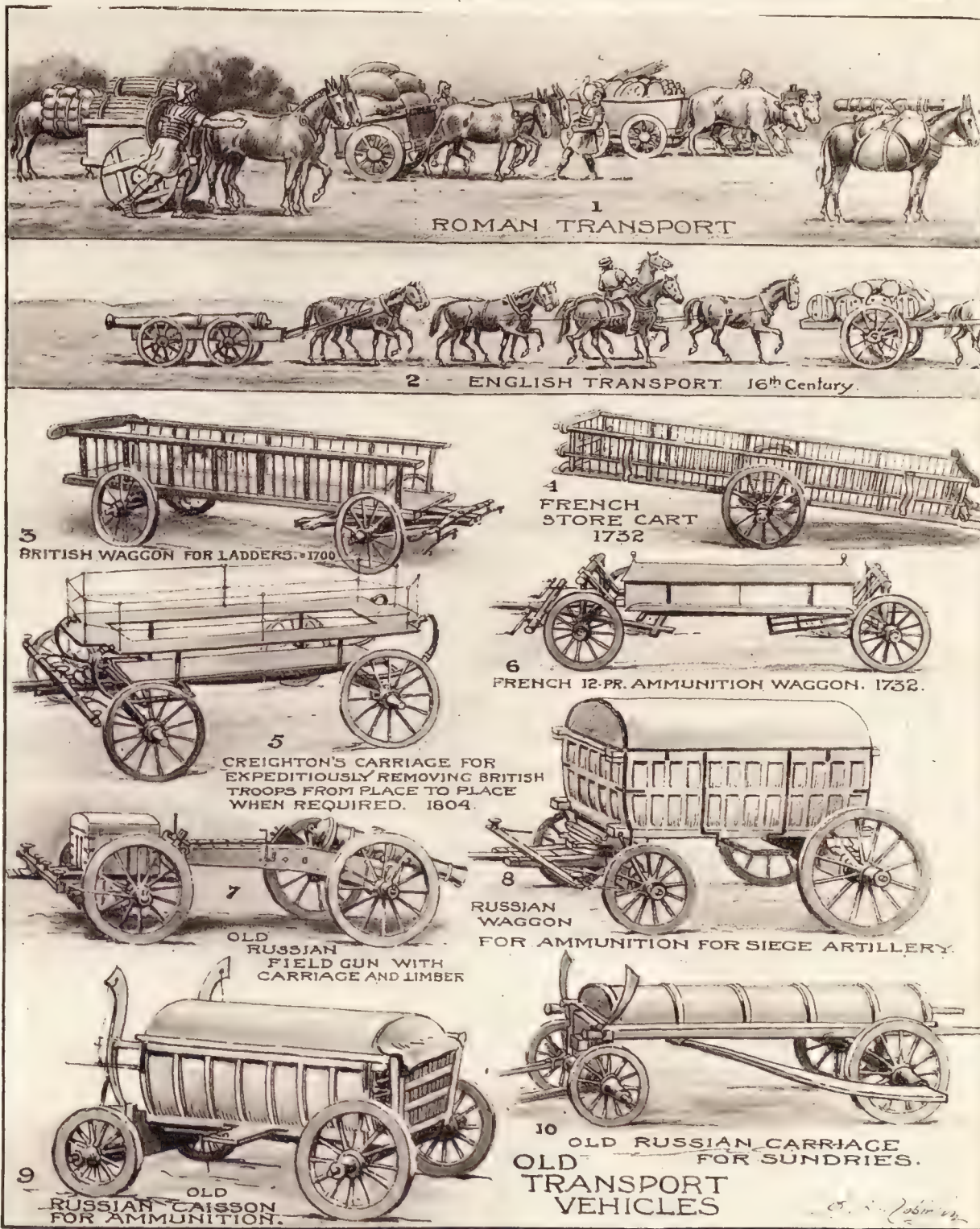
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## The Beginnings of War-Machines: Transport Vehicles.



## FORERUNNERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS: TRANSPORT-VEHICLE TYPES USED IN OLD WARS.

(continued.)

It also allowed them to throw off their packs instantly when required to fight. As the contrivance did a mule's work in effect, it was nicknamed the "Marian Mule." When Caesar invaded Britain (55-54 B.C.), he transported his troops across the English Channel in 80 small vessels, which carried about 10,000 men in all. It would appear that the transports employed for a similar

purpose by William the Conqueror (A.D. 1066) numbered 696. The largest of these vessels was of about 20 tons. The first long sea voyage of a fleet of transports was that from Britain to the Holy Land undertaken by Richard I. (A.D. 1189). The Crusaders' army was carried by a fleet of about 190 vessels. In 1338 Edward III. assembled 500 transports to convey his army to France.



## Some of Sir Douglas Haig's 5678 Prisoners.



## CAPTURED BY OUR MEN: PRISONERS FROM ST. PIERRE DIVISION AND BEAUMONT HAMEL.

Some of the several thousands of Germans captured in the renewed British offensive are seen in these photographs, the upper one of which shows prisoners coming in on November 13 from St. Pierre Division, and the lower one a collecting station, or enclosure, containing a few of the many prisoners taken at Beaumont Hamel. An official despatch of the 15th from General Headquarters stated:

"The prisoners taken since Monday (the 13th) have reached a total of 5678. The troops employed have shown conspicuous skill, dash, and fortitude, and our success was not won without a hard struggle. . . . Our losses, considering our gains, have not been high. One division advanced a mile and took over 2000 prisoners, with only 450 casualties."—[Official Photographs.]

## COUNTING T

The process of counting the prisoners taken at Beaumont Hamel is shown in this photograph, one shows a German soldier near St. Pierre Division, Gibbon, "and 1300 St. Pierre Division



## German Officers among our Big Haul of Prisoners.



### COUNTING THE "BAG"; AND A GROUP OF OFFICERS: GERMAN PRISONERS ON THE ANCRE.

The process of counting German prisoners as they came in from Beaumont Hamel is seen in the upper photograph. The lower one shows a German Colonel, a Major, and an Adjutant captured near St. Pierre Divion. "Twenty-nine officers," writes Mr. Perceval Gibbon, "and 1300 men were made prisoners in and around St. Pierre Divion alone. . . All the officers have their packs,

containing their kits, and all the men have their greatcoats; there is not one that was not ready to be transported to the 'cages.' The officers were lodged for the night in a village behind the lines." One complained of limited accommodation. A British Staff officer suavely replied: "If only you'd let me know you were coming, I'd have made better arrangements."—[Official Photographs.]



## ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: XXIV.—THE 1ST NORTH STAFFORD.

## THE LAST OF THE GIBRALTAR DUELS.

DURING the Peninsular War there was a great deal of friction between the British officers stationed at Gibraltar and officers of the United States Navy and merchant service who happened to touch there. Frequent quarrels led to duels, and the matter had become a public scandal when it was stopped, once for all, by the coolness and courage of an Irishman, Captain Ralph Johnston, of the 64th Regiment, now the 1st North Staffordshire. The fracas in which Johnston, by no will of his own, was concerned arose out of the disorderly conduct of a Yankee merchant skipper, who one night, when Captain Johnston was on guard, came to the guard-post and kicked up a gratuitous row.

The sergeant who reported the case described the skipper as mad as a March hare, and received orders to put him under arrest if he did not go away quietly. This was done.

In the morning the American complained that an officer like him should have been treated in such a manner. He waited upon Captain Johnston and demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman. Johnston said he was sorry, but he had no choice. The blame lay with the aggressor.

"Well," replied the skipper, "suppose we have a turn-up outside the gates of the fortress?"

"A turn-up?" said Johnston. "I don't exactly understand you."

"Well, perhaps you do not; but what I mean by a turn-up is a fair stand-up fight between two officers."

"I do not," said Johnston, "consider you in

the station of an officer; and, besides, you have no complaint against me. I acted as any other person would have done in the same circumstances."

The skipper, a very angry man, went his way, and sailed for New York. Two days out, he fell in with an American frigate, whose Captain was a notorious fire-eater and the best shot in Kentucky. To him the aggrieved master-mariner told his story, and received an assurance that his wrongs should be avenged. The naval officer shaped his course accordingly, and two days later dropped anchor in Gibraltar Harbour.

To Captain Johnston he hurried, and told him on whose behalf he appeared. "You refused to meet him in combat, because you did not consider him your equal in rank; now you cannot advance that argument against me and I am ready to stand or fall for the honour of our little Navy. Will you fight me?"

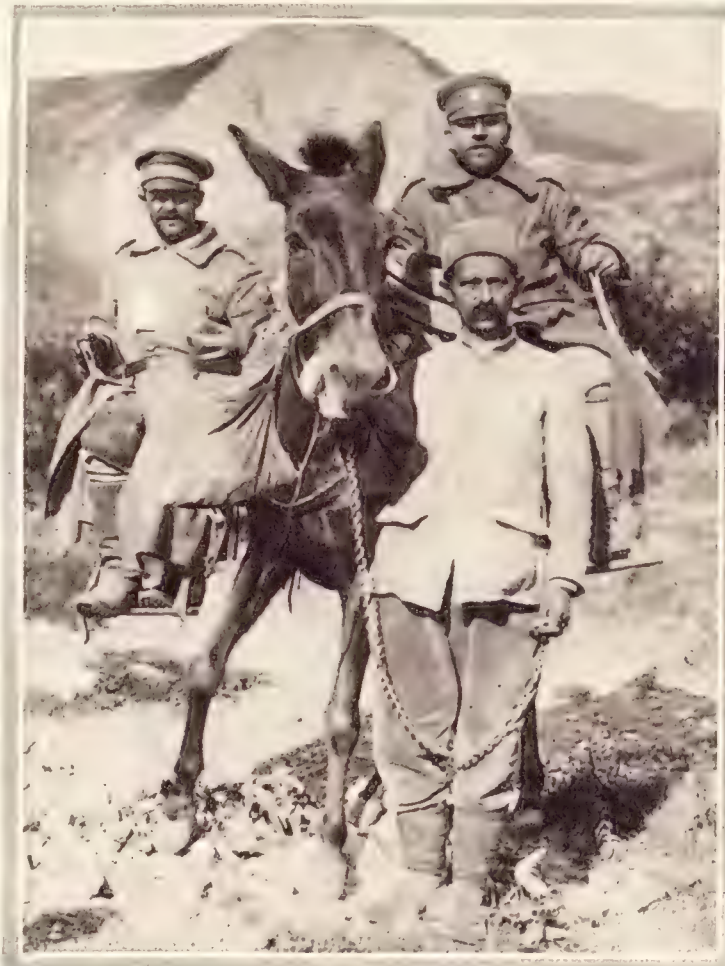
"Yes," replied Johnston quietly.

The next morning at six o'clock on the

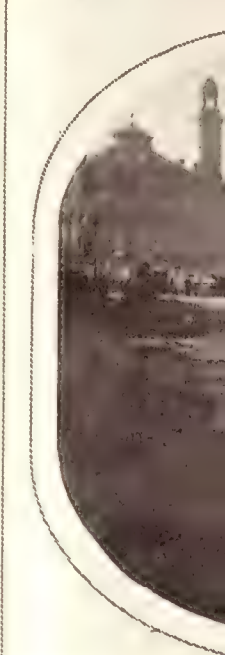
glacis of the fortress was agreed upon. The parties exchanged cards, friends were named, and Johnston bowed his visitor out.

Captain Frith, of the 64th, acted for Captain Johnston. Frith himself had just been wounded in a similar Anglo-American affair, and still carried his left arm in a sling. But he was determined not to let his injury interfere with his usefulness in the present encounter, and went about the preparations, *con amore*.

The duellists met punctually; eight paces



WITH THE SERBIANS: TWO WOUNDED BULGARIAN PRISONERS BEING BROUGHT DOWN FROM A MOUNTAIN BATTLEFIELD TO A SERBIAN FIELD-HOSPITAL. [Official Photograph.]



## ALGERIAN AR

Representatives of most of the Algerian tribes met with in Paris for State business; others as war. Algerian Arabs, Moors, Easterns from Saigon and case of the Algerians and



## Representatives of Colonial France in Paris.



### ALGERIAN ARABS AND MOROCCANS AT THE EIFFEL TOWER: THE ARRIVAL—IN A LIFT.

Representatives of most of the French colonial possessions are to be met with in Paris just now. Some are there on matters of State business; others as special deputations in connection with the war. Algerian Arabs, Moroccans, Soudanese, and Senegalese, Far-Easterns from Saigon and Tonquin—their varied attire and, in the case of the Algerians and Moroccans, flowing robes of white, add

a picturesque touch of contrasting colour among the service uniforms and the universal dark-hued civilian garb about the streets. We see here a party of Algerian Arab and Moroccan notables visiting the Eiffel Tower. In the upper illustration they are arriving in the care of Colonial Office officials. In the second they are in one of the lifts.—[French Official Photographs.]



were measured off by the American's second, and the principals took post.

"Where will you hit him?" said the American second to his principal.

"In the head, I calculate," said the Yankee. Both fired at once, and Johnston's hat was knocked off. He took it up, put it on, and remarked to his adversary, "You're a close shaver, I see."

To make sure of his mark, the unsportsmanlike Captain of the frigate raised his left arm, and, resting his pistol upon it, took a steady and murderous aim at Johnston, who did not seem to realise what the other was about. But Frith was fortunately alert. He hurled Johnston's first pistol at the American's head, and shouted, "You infernal scoundrel, do you want to murder my friend?"

The American lowered his weapon, and remarked with the utmost composure: "H— and d—, what do you mean? I calculated that I had every right to make use of all the faculties which God Almighty has endowed me with!"

"You must fight like a man of honour or not at all, Sir!" Frith said sternly. The parties took ground again, and immediately the pistols rang out. Johnston was safe; but the American received a dangerous though not fatal wound. Captain Johnston helped him to walk back to his ship, and there, for that day, the affair ended.

But next morning Johnston and two of his brother officers went on board the frigate. First, they made kind inquiries for the Captain's

health, and were assured that he was going on very well indeed. The three American Lieutenants who received the British officers added a handsome compliment to them on their conduct of the duel. Johnston made suitable acknowledgments, and expressed his satisfaction at his late adversary's favourable progress. "But," he added, "I have another matter to speak about."

"Well, before you do so," said the First Lieutenant, "we must have a morsel of summat and a sneaker of brandy - punch to wash it down."

Johnston and Co., to their regret, felt that, owing to their errand, they must decline the hospitality, and Johnston went on to explain that the quarrel had been forced upon him, but, as the Americans seemed to have made the affair a national contest, he and his friends were ready to meet the three American Lieutenants next day.

The Yankees were astounded, and declined the contest. "Enough," said the First Lieutenant, "has been done by my friends to keep up the honour of our little Navy."

"Nothing," said Johnston, "could be more straightforward than that, and we now understand each other. This incident may teach your countrymen, and my countrymen also, the folly of bumping our heads together and risking our lives in consequence of a drunken freak."

On that, all shook hands. Johnston's *reductio ad absurdum* put an end, as far as British and American officers were concerned, to an idiotic practice, exalted by habit into an international observance.



A CAPTURED GERMAN ALSATIAN 1870-1 WAR VETERANS LEAGUE FLAG: THE ARMS OF THE LEAGUE AND DATE OF FOUNDATION.

We see in detail here the decoration on one side of the Dammerkirch Veterans League. It shows the arms of the League and an inscription stating the date of foundation, 1891. It was an organisation specially located in Alsace for political reasons, and the flag was given on its formation.—[French Official Photograph.]



A CAPTURED GERMAN ALSATIAN 1870-1 WAR VETERANS LEAGUE FLAG: ON THE WAY TO FRENCH HEADQUARTERS.

In 1891, the Kaiser distributed new flags to the whole German Army, and also to the Leagues or Clubs of Veterans of the Franco-German War of 1870-1 all over Germany. One, given to Veterans resident at Dammerkirch, in Alsace, was recently taken in a Vosges skirmish. It is seen above being carried to French headquarters by one of its captors.

French Official Photograph.



WHILE THE A  
In the upper illustra-  
the ever-necessary  
in working order.  
mile gained, road  
across it for the  
over ground held b



## At the British front in the Ancre District.



### WHILE THE ADVANCE GOES ON : BATTLEFIELD ROAD-MENDING BY HIGHLANDERS—SLEIGHS FOR WOUNDED.

In the upper illustration, a Highland battalion is seen employed on the ever-necessary work of keeping a newly made battlefield road in working order. As fast as our advance proceeds, with every mile gained, roadmakers, navy corps, and others, cut a way across it for the passage of supplies and reinforcements; often over ground held by the enemy not twenty-four hours before, lead-

ing right up to where fighting has begun again. The second illustration shows the sleighs employed by the R.A.M.C. for bringing back wounded from the firing-line with the least suffering to the men from road obstructions, or ruts and holes, and keeping them clear of the mud. The jolting inevitable in such conditions with wheeled vehicles is thus avoided.—[Official Photographs.]



## Detention Camp Life among German Prisoners in France.



### EVERYDAY INCIDENTS: AFTER ROLL-CALL, THE DISCIPLINARY SALUTE: AT THEIR DINNER.

On this and the adjoining page, we have scenes of everyday life in one of the detention camps in France where German prisoners are interned. In the upper illustration we are witnessing the performance of an act of discipline which takes place as a matter of ordinary camp routine. The prisoners, after their morning's work, are seen paraded in squads for 'roll-call, giving the official salute

before breaking-up to go to their dinner. In the lower illustration a gang are seen eating the midday meal in the open, seated on the wheelbarrows with which they are doing their tasks. A portion of the barbed-wire enclosure of the camp is visible in the background. Sentries watch unseen in the dark wood beyond, which offers ideal cover for the purpose.—[French Official Photographs.]

## Do



### EVERYDAY

These illustrations show the accounts of the methods and In the upper the cook-house hot soup served



france.



## THEIR DINNER.

In the lower illustration in the open, seated on their tasks. A portion visible in the background, beyond, which offers ideal photographs.]

# Detention Camp Life among German Prisoners in France.



## EVERYDAY INCIDENTS: SOUP AT THE COOK-HOUSE; BUYING "DELIKATESSEN" AT THE CANTEEN.

These illustrations offer a valuable contrast to what is stated in the accounts officially published both in England and France of methods and management at certain prison camps in Germany. In the upper illustration, German prisoners are shown filing into the cook-house to have their bowls and pannikins filled with the hot soup served out at the midday meal time. The soup, as has

been officially stated, is of exactly the same nourishing quality, and from similar ingredients, as the soup supplied to the French Army in the field. The Germans are seen entering at one door and leaving at another with their soup. In the lower illustration, prisoners are shown at a camp canteen buying "Delikatessen," or petty luxuries, with their weekly pay.-- [French Official Photographs.]



# One of the Masters of the Sea in the



ENTERING TOULON HARBOUR AFTER SEA SERVICE IN HOLDING THE ENEMY CHECKMA120: A FRENCH WAR-SHIP

A three-funnelled French war-ship of powerful type, mounting heavy guns on board much after our own super-Dreadnought fashion—in superimposed turrets for fore-and-aft firing, and in smaller turrets and casemates along the sides for broadside firing—is seen being towed up Toulon inner harbour to be docked, or moored in a refitting basin in the dockyard. On such occasions,

by a port standing order, it has a war-ship is shown passing a the most wilfully blind "U



masters of the Sea in the Mediterranean.



ENEMY CHECKMATE: A FRENCH WAR-SHIP BEING TOWED PAST A RED CROSS SHIP TO THE DOCKYARD.

own super-Dreadnought  
s for broadside firing—  
d. On such occasions,

by a port standing order, it has always been the practice for war-ships to be towed in, not to proceed in under their own steam. The war-ship is shown passing a white painted hospital-ship, so marked with a broad band and the Red Cross on funnels and sides that the most wilfully blind "U"-boat commander cannot, in any circumstances surely, fail to recognise it.—[French Official Photograph.]



### With the Serbian Army in the Balkans.



#### THE ADVANCE ON MONASTIR: A PROVISION TRAIN LOADING UP—WELL POSTED TRENCH-MORTARS.

The British and French commissariat departments at Salonika are sparing no efforts to keep their Serbian brothers-in-arms battling their way victoriously towards Monastir, as the Left Wing of the Allied Army in the Balkans, well supplied with stores of all kinds. The upper illustration shows one of the light-railway lines laid down by the Allies between Salonika and the battle-front—

as is the case in rear of the Allied battle-fronts in France—being loaded up, by a Serbian base-camp fatigue-party to carry bags of provisions, etc., to the Army in the mountains. Even the engine is carrying bags. The lower illustration is a battle-line scene. It shows two partially concealed Serbian trench-mortars below ground level.—[Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved.]

#### DURING

An instructive  
the subject of  
one of a battle  
beyond the  
Post, establish-  
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# With the Serbian Army in the Balkans.



## DURING THE ADVANCE ON MONASTIR: SHELLING THE ENEMY OVER THE HILL—ALIGNING A HOWITZER.

An instructive battle-picture of artillery in mountain fighting is the subject of the upper illustration. It shows a Serbian field-gun, one of a battery in action close by, firing on the unseen enemy beyond the hills in front, through the medium of its Observation-Post, established on the ridge in advance, over which the shells are being fired. The observation-post officer has the "target"

in view from his elevated point, which is concealed from the enemy among rocks. The battery officer (on donkey-back) watches his signals with field-glasses, while another with a tripod range-finding telescope (on the left in foreground) checks reports. The lower illustration shows Serbian gunners shifting a field-howitzer carriage to get the barrel into its line of fire.—[Official Photographs.]





# Parents of fallen Heroes Honoured by the King:

Next-of-Kin



## AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO RECEIVE THE V.C.'S AWARDED TO THEIR SONS: (1) MR. WILLIAM

The King received at Buckingham Palace on November 16 the next-of-kin of various soldiers and sailors posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross. Mr. William Williams received the V.C. for his son, William Charles Williams, Able Seaman (Royal Fleet Reserve), who took part in the heroic landing on Gallipoli from the transport "River Clyde," holding on to a line in the water

WILLIAMS; (2) MRS. WA  
for over an hour until he  
Bedfordshire Regiment. H  
on behalf of her son, Pr



the King:

# Next-of-Kin Recipients of the Victoria Cross.



(1) MR. WILLIAM  
Williams, posthumously awarded  
the Victoria Cross for leading his  
men to a line in the water

(2) MRS. WARNER, WITH THE MAYOR OF ST. ALBANS; (3) MRS. BARBER.

Mrs. Warner, of St. Albans, received the V.C. awarded her son, Private Edward Warner, Bedfordshire Regiment. He held a trench single-handed in a gas-attack, dying from gas-poisoning. Mrs. Barber received the V.C. on behalf of her son, Private Edward Barber, Grenadier Guards, killed leading a grenade attack. [Photographs by C.N.]



## FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: XV.—DOPE.

THE M.O. resigned his soul. He had done his best to talk of football and Bing Boys and things, but the Sub. came round to "to-morrow" with the trembling but unfaltering determination of a compass-needle finding North. When a man turns a George Robey joke into a speculation of what will happen to a man "once over the top," no change of subject can suffice. The M.O. saw that the only reasonable thing to do was to face matters squarely.

He said, very wisely—

"'Spose you combatant officers get anxious a bit—how the men will shape, I mean?"

The Sub. took a deep breath and went in with a splash—

"Yes, that's a great responsibility. But—but you know—you know, the thing that sets me all of a jump is how—how, you know—how I'll shape before the men."

"Worry won't help you there," said the M.O.,

grinning in his soul. He'd met these Subs.—God bless 'em—before.

"Can't help it, Doc. Gets hold of a feller,

that perhaps I'd crack and bunk before my—my chaps . . . I can't bear myself when I think of that."

"Be all right on the night," said the M.O. "Take that as Gospel."

The Sub. was certainly a most nervy specimen of his genre: these keen young dogs of the New Army, all ardour and anxiety, and no tradition or habit to mould them to their job, were usually

nervy—until they made good. But, nervy as the Sub. was, the M.O. knew him to have the right stuff. A little careful handling . . .

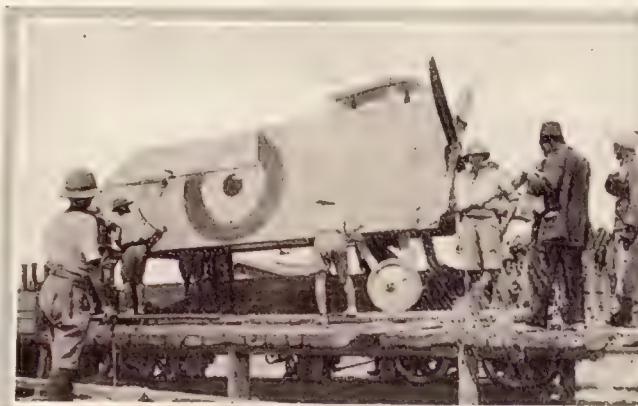
"Leave it until to-morrow," he suggested.

But the Sub. was *too* nervy. Unexpectedly, he all but cracked.

"But I can't," he almost wailed.

"I can see myself being—being a cur. And those men behind me . . . well, look at the example, the impression I shall make."

"Wait until you crack," said the M.O.; but really he was a little anxious. "I know you'll be all right, but I can't make you see that until



FOR KEEPING A LOOK-OUT ON THE WESTERN EGYPT FRONTIER: AN AEROPLANE ABOUT TO DETRAIN AT RAILHEAD.

As stated at the time, the Senussi attack on the Western Egypt frontier received a permanent check, if not its quietus, in action last winter, but marauding bands are occasionally reported. Watch is kept on them by aeroplane observation, in conjunction with armoured motor-car patrols.

Photograph by Photopress.



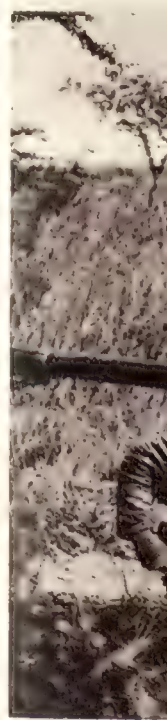
FOR KEEPING A LOOK-OUT ON THE WESTERN EGYPT FRONTIER: AN AEROPLANE CROSSING THE DESERT TO ITS CAMP AERODROME.

One of the aeroplanes "keeping an eye" on roving Bedouin or Senussi on the Western Egypt border is seen, after arriving by train shown in the companion illustration, en route for a frontier camp. The unit comprises gear-wagon and mule-team, with the plane travelling on its chassis wheels. —[Photograph by Photopress.]

you see. I don't know that I'm more than ordinarily afraid about my—myself. Being knocked out and all that, I mean. But to think

you've proved it yourself." The Sub. shook his head; such a boy he was, very near to that critical point when his nerves *might* send him all

[Continued overleaf.]



## BELGIAN "

For garrisoning its before the war, its territories. They officers in command. They are called "A being used all over



## The Allies' Battle-front in East Africa.



**BELGIAN "ASKARIS" ON CAMPAIGN: A BATTALION IN THE BUSH—IN ACTION IN THE OPEN.**

For garrisoning its Congo possessions the Belgian Government, before the war, maintained an army of native battalions within its territories. They were, and are, recruited locally, with Belgian officers in command, on the model of our British East Africa forces. They are called "Askaris," as in the German service, the term being used all over Eastern Central Africa for armed men of all

sorts. The Belgian Askaris are excellent fighting material. They have proved their mettle in the war, forming, as they do, the Belgian Army invading the enemy's colony from the Congo side. A column trekking through the bush (wearing khaki fez covers with neck-flaps) is seen in the upper illustration. The lower shows a battalion in action.—[Photos. by C.N.]



adrift. Just a little weight—on either side—and he might bunk like a coward or fight like a god. It depended on which side the weight fell.

"I feel it in my bones," said the Sub. shakily. "I know I'm going to go a mucker. In my bones, you know. It's driving me mad! I tell you—honest—I really can't face . . . things. Unless— isn't there something . . . ?"



AT THE FRONT IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA: A BRITISH SNIPER-SCOUT WITH HIS NATIVE CARTRIDGE-BOX CARRIERS TREKKING ACROSS THE BUSH

Photograph by Photopress.

The M.O. looked curiously at the Sub. through the tobacco smoke. He was beginning to see some reason in the Sub.'s visit.

"You think . . . ?" he asked quietly.

"Well, you're a doctor . . . and don't the Germans use some sort of dope? Well . . ."

The doctor gazed at him steadily, thinking deeply.

"Well, of course, there is something," he said slowly, choosing his words. "Only—only it's not always wise to play tricks with—well, the will."

The Sub. stood up. He was trembling like a snared bird.

"Doc," he said huskily, "you can see my condition."

The M.O. saw. He decided.

"I like to leave these things alone," he said. "But—well, I can see how you feel." He went to his store, hung over it a little—came back with two soft, spongy cubes. "Just take these ten minutes before you go over," he said, looking steadily at the Sub.

"Thank God!" said the Sub. He said other things, incoherent and pitiable. He said, "These—they'll deaden me, I suppose?"

"They'll just turn the balance between running away and fighting like blazes."

Relief streamed out of the Sub.—relief and a gush of gratitude. Already he was more cheerful.

"That's the only thing I wanted," he said.

"I don't want to be blind to it all—but, my God, I don't want to—to be beastly."

"You won't," said the M.O., grinning now. "Not with those."

The Sub. wasn't beastly. The M.O. took the occasion to see the battalion go over. He was keen to watch the Sub. The Sub. was good to see. First man out, and going like a racehorse.

No holding him; nerves, of course—but nerves brought to play on the right side of the scale. The M.O. nipped back to the Dressing Post, and he was smiling.

The rags of the battalion were relieved four days later. The Sub. was one of the few who came in. He had had a most conspicuous and hairy time, but had come out with scratches only. For many things the M.O. was glad to see him, and the matter of "nerves" was one of the things.

The Sub. was as anxious to see the M.O., and for the same reason. He came in sane and strong—a veteran, and sure of himself; but he came in full of thanks.

"It just did the trick, that dope you gave me, Doc," he cried. "I knew all that was happening; and, yes, I was funky in some ways, but not in that way—the way I feared most. The dope did the trick; funny taste those cubes—knew it, but couldn't place it; but they did it. I'm enormously thankful."

"All right," said the M.O. "But you won't—that is, I can't give you the stuff again. Not good for the will, as I said, you know."

"Never again," cried the Sub. "I'm quite hard now. It was that first go off that was



AT THE FRONT IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA: A BRITISH NAVAL GUN-TEAM TRAINING A HEAVY GUN IN READINESS FOR ACTION.

Photograph by Photopress.

the knotty point. I won't need any more."

The M.O. was glad. As he had said, such tricks were not good for the will. Also, his supply of pure-glycerine cubes was getting rather low.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



#### KILLED IN T

General Ancelin died  
advance at Verdun, w  
was being made. A  
Ancelin, as General  
the morning of the  
he did not doubt wo



"Mort au Champ d'Honneur": A Verdun Hero.



KILLED IN THE RETAKING OF DOUAUMONT: GENERAL ANCELIN BROUGHT IN ON A STRETCHER.

General Ancelin died on the field of honour while the great French advance at Verdun, which he had helped largely to render successful, was being made. A French account of his death says: "General Ancelin, as General Nivelle wrote to his widow, fell gloriously on the morning of the victory for which he had prepared, and which he did not doubt would be won." One must quote also from a

letter written by General Passaga, commander of the Division to which the Ancelin Brigade belonged: "His death was avenged by the brilliant success of which you know. The Ancelin Brigade was ahead of all the other troops in the attack on the Fort of Douaumont. This high achievement was the finest homage our brave boys could render to the memory of their beloved chief."



# Victorious Verdun Generals Honoured by England.



## RECAPTORS OF DOUAUMONT AND VAUX: GENERAL NIVELLE AND GENERAL MANGIN.

These two officers have had the signal honour of receiving British decorations from King George for the great French victory at Verdun. To General Nivelle, as Commander of the Army holding the Verdun lines, is primarily due the credit of bringing the German attacks to a standstill, and, after that, of achieving the recent fine victory which won back Douaumont and Vaux. General Mangin

had charge of the Infantry Divisions concentrated for the battle. His brilliant leadership ensured the splendid success of the day and the recapture of the two positions. General Mangin has been five times wounded since the war began. In his earlier days he was a companion of the celebrated Colonel (now General) Marchand in the French Fashoda Expedition.—[French Official Photographs.]

# Pr



## GENER

M. Poincaré rece...  
its commanders...  
Mangin the plaq...  
awarded to him...  
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directed the att...



# President Poincaré Decorates the Victor of Douaumont.



## GENERAL MANGIN DECORATED: SALUTING AFTER RECEIVING THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

M. Poincaré recently visited Verdun to congratulate the army and its commanders on their great victory. He conferred on General Mangin the *plaque* of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour awarded to him (to quote the official note) for having, as "Commander of a group of Divisions before Verdun, prepared and directed the attack of October 24, 1916, which enabled us to

recapture the Fort of Douaumont in four hours, and take 6000 prisoners, 15 guns, and important war material." Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett mentions that General Mangin accompanied Marchand to Fashoda, and says of him: "The General is one of the hardest fighters in the French Army, and has been wounded no fewer than five times in the course of the war."

MANGIN.

ed for the battle.  
uccess of the day  
Mangin has been  
his earlier days he  
(General) Marchand in  
Photographs.]



## Roumania's Danube flotilla of River Monitors.



### A LAUNCH BROADSIDE-ON: ENTERING THE WATER AND BRINGING UP—BEING FITTED OUT.

In the upper illustration a new Roumanian armoured river-monitor—of which there are several—is seen being launched into the Danube broadside-on. The inclined launching "ways" are seen at the left side of the illustration, just below the centre. The method is not unusual where the waterway in front is narrow; or where, as here, the ship has to be kept near the bank. In the days of

our wooden navy, small frigates, built in private yards beside narrow rivers, were often so launched. In the lower illustration, the monitor is seen being fitted out. The guns are placed on board last, owing to their weight, it being always advisable to launch vessels "light"—i.e., with as little dead-weight as possible. Usually, indeed, a vessel takes the water with her hull only complete.—[Topical.]

### LITTLE DAN

Joan of Arc is, North-Western France, hardly a church which has not a In Verdun Cathedral distance from the



# Joan of Arc's Chapel in Verdun Cathedral.



## LITTLE DAMAGED SO FAR BY THE BOMBARDMENT: THE ALTAR EFFIGY WITH FESTIVAL WREATH.

Joan of Arc is, and has been for centuries, the genius loci to North-Western France. It has been said, indeed, that there is hardly a church all over the countryside south of the Meuse which has not a chapel dedicated to the warrior "Maid of Orleans." In Verdun Cathedral, as might be expected—for Verdun is no great distance from the Maid's birthplace at Domrémy—Joan is com-

memorated by a chapel, shown in the above illustration. The Maid in armour holding the ancient Royal Banner of France stands in effigy above the altar. So far, as seen, the chapel has escaped serious damage from the German shellings of the Cathedral: little beyond the blowing-in of stained glass in the window from the blast of bombs bursting outside.—[French Official Photograph.]



## WOMEN AND THE WAR.

THE war seems to have dissipated the notion, common enough at one time, that women were unfitted for hard work, or at least that kind of hard work in which men only were generally engaged—which meant, of course, work calling for the exercise of physical strength. Whether labour of this kind, if generally persisted in, is going to affect detrimentally the health of the future generation to any alarming extent is a matter that scientists, doctors, and other learned people must settle between themselves. The amusing part of the business is the way in which people who in peace time were so solicitous for women's welfare that they called down the judgment of heaven on those who believed her fitted for better things than a life of sheltered ease—which quite often resolved itself into real hard house-work—are now urging her to break fresh ground in every direction. Of course, it is very gratifying to the women—on whom the war has presumably worked miracles in the way of hardening muscles and conferring unlimited powers of endurance that she is supposed never to have possessed before.

One result of the shortage of male labour—which, by the way, grows more acute every day—is the appearance of the woman docker on the wharves and quay-sides, and especially in our more northern ports, where numbers of them work in shipyards,

chiefly in the capacity of cleaners, though there are others who help in the business of unloading timber or are engaged in warehouse work. Not a few women, too, are employed in the shipyards as dry-dock workers; and ubiquitous woman has even made her appearance in the ship-building yard in the capacity of caulker's and distiller's assistant. The woman docker, however, is not only employed in the northern yards. She is to be found also in the dockyards at Chatham, Devonport, and Portsmouth—where, indeed, she worked before the war, though it is interesting to note that during the last two years or so the number of women thus employed at these ports has risen from 430 to nearly four times that number, and the figures are still increasing.

Apropos of the employment of women in shipping yards, it does really seem as if the woman engineer is at last coming to her own.

At any rate, the President of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, who ought to know, made some highly gratifying remarks about her not long ago, praising her work in the munition factory, as well as in tool-setting, aeroplane building, and boiler-making—to mention only a few of the engineering activities in which women are engaged. Another engineer has gone even further, and declared his conviction that, given a couple

(Continued overleaf)



DOMESTIC FELICITY WITHOUT DOMESTICS: A SCENE IN A SERVANTLESS KITCHEN.

At the Coombe Hill School, King's Langley, the girls are taught to do the work of a house in a servantless household. The school is built on to the ruins of an ancient priory, and its aim is to let character develop healthily and naturally.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



A SENSIBLE SCHOOL: LOOKING AFTER THE GOATS.

In the Coombe Hill School, King's Langley, not a servant is employed, all the pupils being taught the art of domesticity. The school is built on to the ruins of an old priory, dating back to the time of Edward II.—(Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.)



### UNDETERRED

Our first photograph with a stretcher balance Unit now comrades who are our hard-pressed All is accompanying th



A British Women's Ambulance Unit for Roumania.



UNDETERRED BY HARDSHIPS IN THE DOBRUDJA: MEMBERS OF A WOMAN'S AMBULANCE CORPS.

Our first photograph shows a number of girls in khaki dealing with a stretcher case. They are members of the British Ambulance Unit now on its way to the Dobrudja, there to join their comrades who are making a great effort to render every aid to our hard-pressed Allies. Miss Marx, of the Scottish Women's Hospital, is accompanying the party as chauffeur. The new unit is splendidly

equipped and will be invaluable, especially now that the inevitable hardships of winter must be added to those of war. In the second photograph are seen some members of the unit energetically pumping up the ambulance tyres. No service that can help the brave Roumanians is grudged by the devoted women-workers in the war.—[Photos, by L.N.A.]



more years of war, he would undertake to build a battle-ship, complex machinery and all, ready for trial, with the help of women alone. Which just shows, doesn't it, that opportunity makes the worker as well as the thief?

The advance of women in the engineering profession reminds me that the Ministry of



FARM WORK FOR WOMEN: MANURING THE FIELDS.

The rough side of farm work does not alarm the women of to-day, and a number of London girls are being trained at Wembley, and are applying themselves energetically to all phases of their work.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

Munitions (a department that has every opportunity of gauging the value of women's work) recently stated its intention of opening an instructional workshop—the first of its kind in England—in a London suburb, for the purpose of training workers in the production of aero-engine parts. About two hundred women are to be taken as pupils, and only those who have undergone a preliminary training in a munition school will be accepted. Not only that, but they must be "picked women, intelligent, with a sense of proportion, and a talent for minutiae," so that the new school will be no place for the frivolous or for those who regard war work in any but the most serious light.

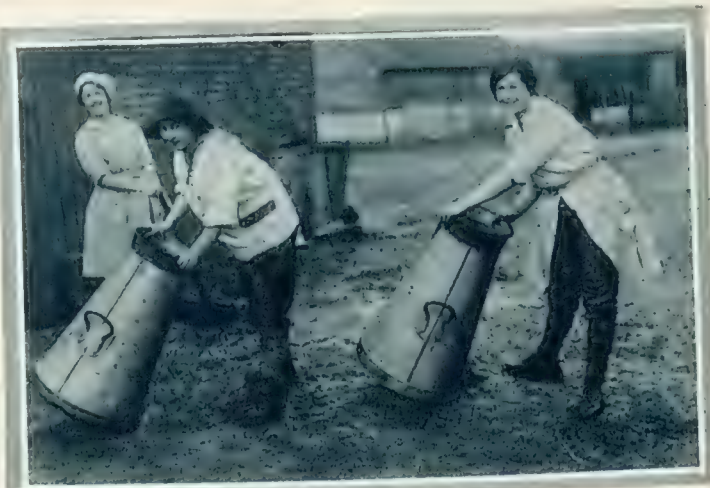
To conscript or not to conscript is a problem exercising the minds of a good many clever people. Only a fortnight ago a Member of the House of Commons asked the Prime Minister whether, in view of the further large numbers of men needed for military service, he would consider the question of setting up a Woman-Power Board for the purpose of utilising to the best advantage women's services throughout the country.

At first glance, such a proposal suggests the idea that women are holding back from doing their duty; but those most qualified to speak are quite definite in their assertions that such is not the case, though of course there are some goats amid an army of sheep.

It is quite true that a great many women are still wanted for war work—partly, perhaps, because the less serious-minded ones who yearned to "do something" in the early days of the war have lived down their first enthusiasm, and prefer to "do their bit" by amusing the "home-on-leaves" rather than engaging in nationally useful work; partly, also, because woman's sphere in the labour market grows daily wider.

Apart from these considerations, the absence of any comprehensive scheme for co-ordinating women's work may have something to do with the fact that there is more work to be done than women to do it, though it has been said recently that the organisation of woman power on a voluntary basis is already being

undertaken. There is very little doubt that the rather haphazard methods now employed are not exactly productive of the best results. There may, as Solomon said, be safety in a multitude of counsellors; but a multitude of

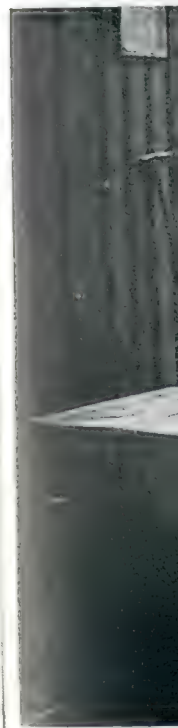


WORKING AT WEMBLEY: DESPATCHING THE CHURNS AFTER MILKING.

A number of London girls are being trained for farm work at Wembley, and are devoting themselves to it with vigour and success.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

separate organisations, each working independently, does not tend to the promotion of efficiency.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

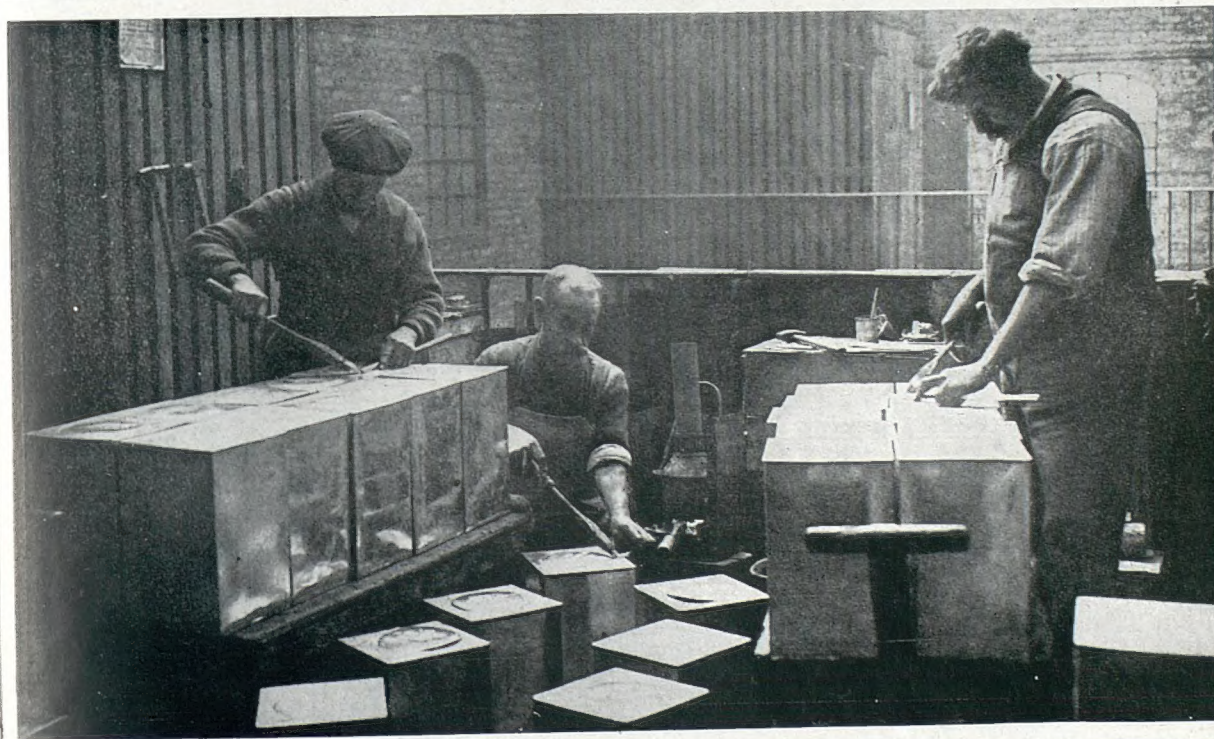


#### BY TONS

Never in the annals of war as that which is now being waged, and the details of the enormous scale of the consoling-in-chief it is impossible for



## Tea for Tommy in the Trenches.



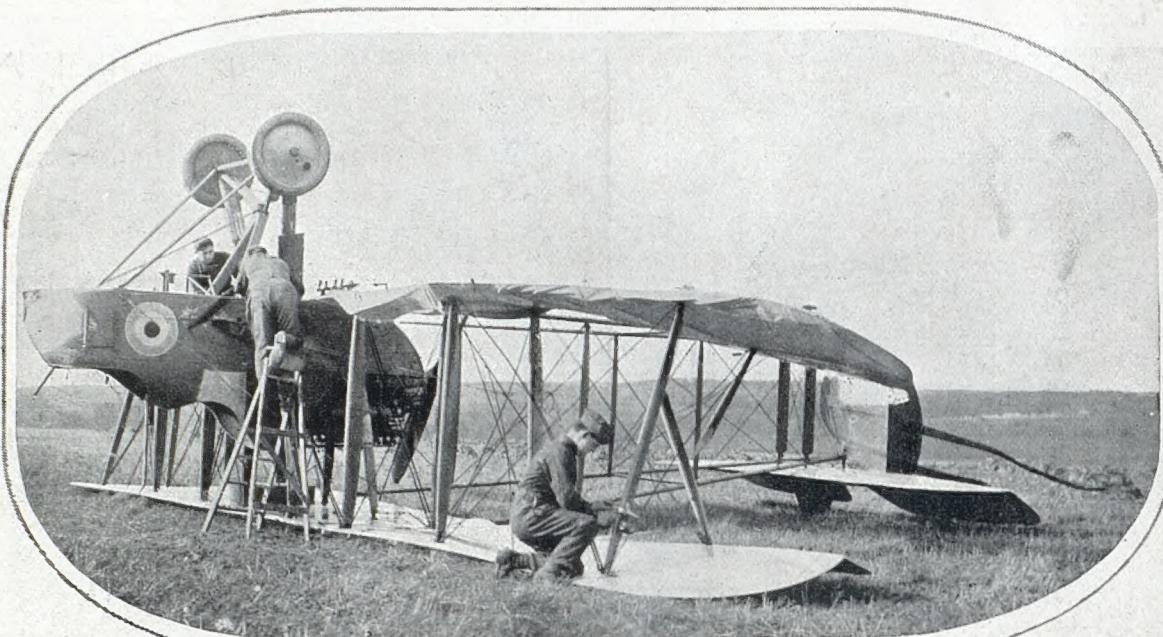
### BY TONS: PACKING AND DESPATCHING TEA IN LONDON FOR OUR TROOPS AT THE FRONT.

Never in the annals of war has an Army been so well cared-for as that which is fighting for us in many parts of the world; and the details of the commissariat which we illustrate suggest the enormous scale upon which things are being done. The two consular-in-chief of the troops' leisure are tobacco and tea, and it is impossible for us in the quiet surrounding of our homes to

realise all that they mean to men at the Front. Our first photograph shows a veritable mountain of tea, no less than 48,000 lb., being blended, in the Port of London; and our second shows a later stage, in which the teas are being sealed in canisters for transportation to the troops. The blenders work in trenches of tea, the mounds being taller than the men.—[Photos. by Topical.]



# Mechanical "Casualties" on the British front.



## MISADVENTURES: AN AEROPLANE CAPSIZED, THE AIRMAN UNHURT—A SHELL-HOLED MOTOR-CAR.

The upper illustration shows an incident at the Front after a gale which raged with severity across the districts in Northern France where our troops are fighting. In spite of the storm, our airmen over the battle-line went up at every opportunity—a marvellous instance of British pluck and skill. The aeroplane seen was capsized by the violence of a gust while cruising. It fell

heavily, but, by great good fortune, the airman on board escaped injury. R.F.C. mechanics are seen at work next day on the machine, repairing damages and getting the plane again into service trim. The second illustration shows a wayside incident in the battle-area—a discarded motor-car with a big rent in its side from a shell that burst quite close.—[Official Photographs.]

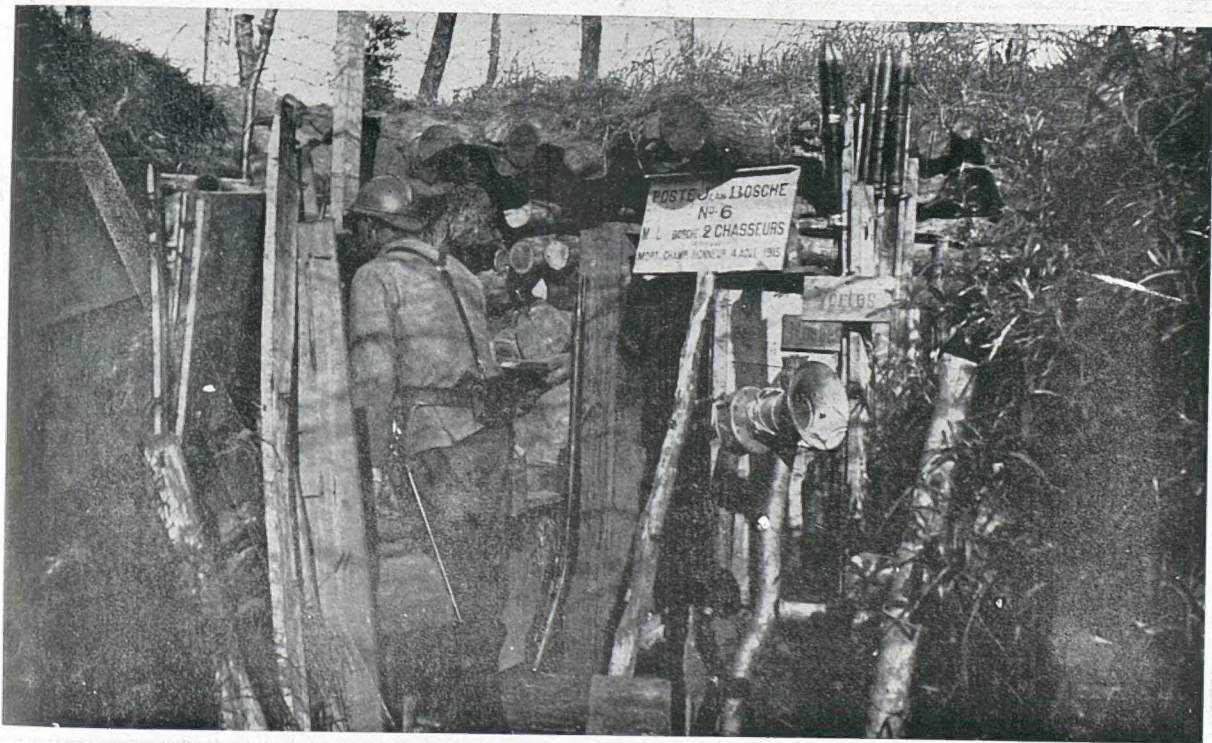
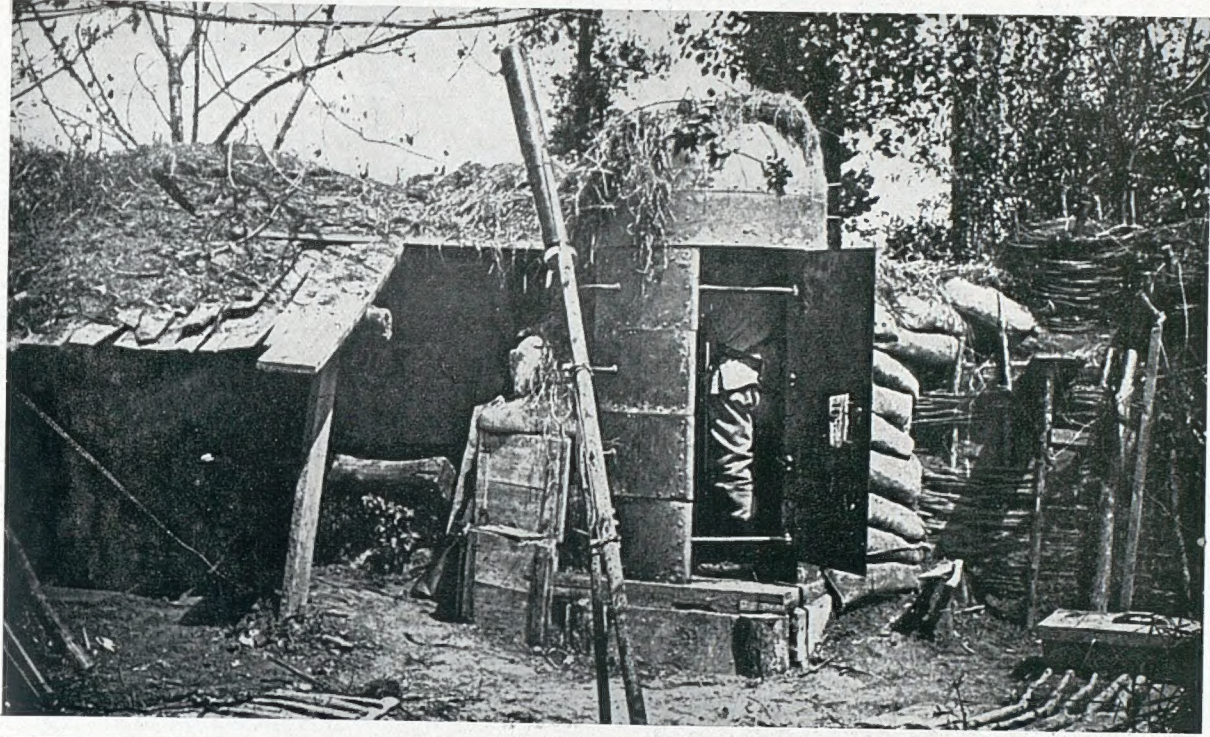


## ON THE AIS

These photographs, and some interesting detail work in trench-warfare, look-out man is seen of which is screened shows a poste d'écou



The Modern Sentry and his Scientific Equipment.



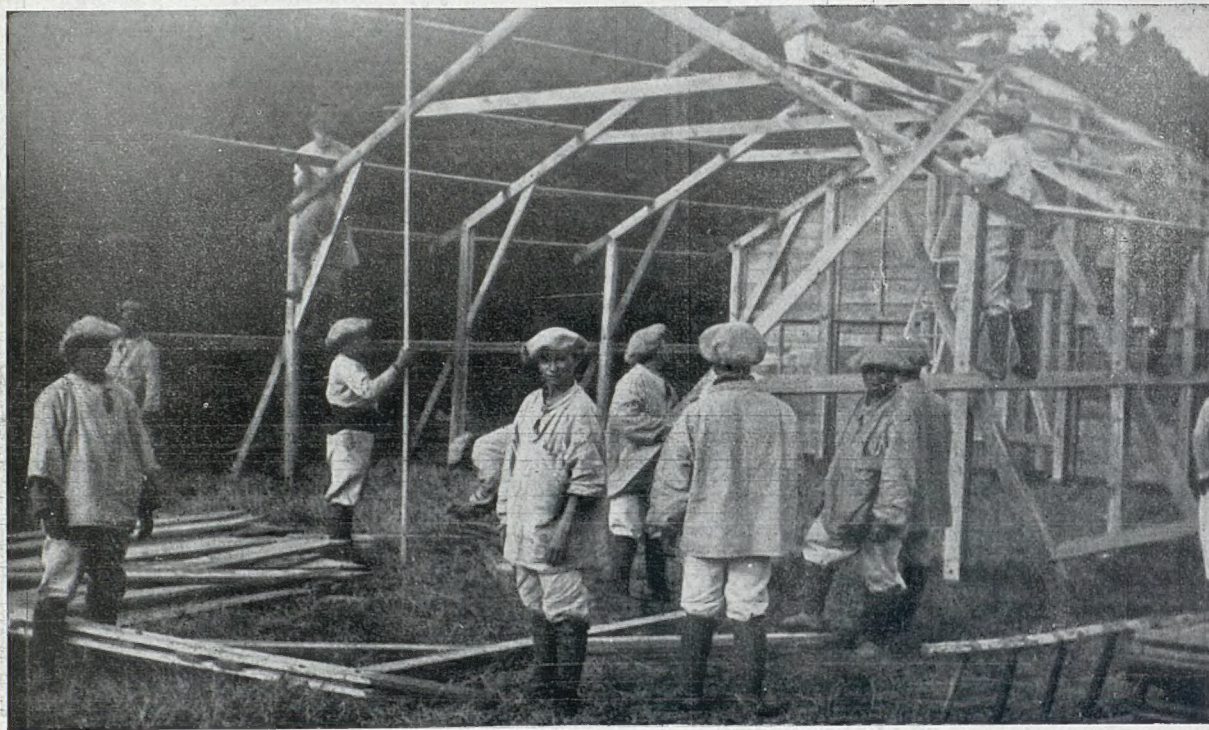
ON THE AISNE : ARMoured SENTRY-BOX ; LISTENING-POST, PERISCOPE, ROCKETS, AND ALARM.

These photographs, taken on the French front on the Aisne, show some interesting details of modern scientific equipment for look-out work in trench-warfare. In the upper illustration a French look-out man is seen inside an armoured box, or turret, the top of which is screened from the enemy. The lower photograph shows a *poste d'ecoute*, or listening-post. The man on duty is

using a trench-periscope, while behind him, to the right, are a sheaf of rockets for signalling and an alarm apparatus to give warning of poison-gas. There has been little news from the Aisne of late. The phrase "on the rest of the front (i.e., except Verdun and the Somme) there is nothing to report" has become frequent in French communiqués.—[Photos. by Alfieri.]



## french Annamite Soldiers when not in Action.



## AT WORK AS CAMP CARPENTERS: HUT-BUILDING IN A WINTER CANTONMENT—ON LIGHT LABOUR.

Like the majority of Far-Eastern natives, the French Annamites make skilful handicraftsmen in carpentering and in the simpler forms of woodworking. They are quick at learning, or at copying what is set before them, and are careful and reliable workers, as a rule, giving little trouble to their French soldier-overseers, or the native headmen in charge of gangs. In the upper illustration,

a party of Annamite soldiers in France are putting up the framework of timber huts of the army pattern. They have on their undress camp uniform, with the *Chasseurs d'Alpins* type of *béret*, served out to the corps for wear when not in steel helmets. The second illustration shows an Annamite working party shifting battens and matchboard-planking.—[French Official Photographs.]

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